

[Screens around the world fade to dense green vegetation]

After months of searching, the Euro-Dyke Police finally caught up with our intrepid Amazonian band.

The EDPD officers stepped from the steaming jungle into the cool glade, no-nonsense muscles bulging from the tatters of their once-proud uniforms, handcuffs at the ready.

Several colorfully dressed Amazonians approached them smiling, "How thoughtful... You've brought gifts!"

The Euro-Dyke officers were not listening, however, having finally noticed not only that the glade they had entered was air conditioned, but that it included quite elaborate indoor plumbing! "Baaaath..." croaked one of the officers before dropping from long-denied exhaustion.

[Three weeks later at the Amazonian Baths (upstairs, of course)]

"But we are duty-bound to return you to your good work at your terminals! That's what the printout says!" Officer Zennaro insisted.

"You aren't listening," sighed Eva, attempting to explain yet again. "We can change the file and make a new printout so that we get to keep this happy life in Amazonia instead. You think paper has the final say anymore? All you can see of us, wherever in the world we are, is just bits in computers anyway!"

"But the bits are put there by real people!" Officer Zennaro defended bravely. "Those are the people who need to be working, instead of hoping for stray lascivious bits to scroll across their computer screens!"

One of the Dildo-Dykes piped up, "We've almost perfected a mail handler that jumps to all the dirty parts for more efficient reading..."

"Trouble is," another admitted, "it keeps killing off the posts that even so much as mention linguistics, sports, books, or parrots, and repeatedly reposting all longwinded posts such as this one."

The Dildo-Dykes sighed in unison, deeply distressed by their handler's persistent shortcomings.

"Well, we don't want to go back to our good work at our terminals, yet we aren't allowed to stay in Amazonia unless we get *some* work done on that damn dissertation!" Marlies considered thoughtfully.

[computer screens all over the world shift to a cabin in a blizzard at the foot of the Himalayas]

"The Himalayas?" Ricki puzzled looking out the window, "Who's idea was that?"

On Fri, 23 Sep 94, Eva wrote:

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> ...Have a nice weekend, all you Amazon ladies... and Marlies,
> have a lovely week chasing squirrels & strange Belgian birds!
>
> - Eva, off to enjoy some sunshine & eat Nepalese food later on
>   (wondering what a walking tour to Himalaya would have
>   been like... would we have met the famous BigFoot
>   SnowDyke?)
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"Couldn't you have 'wondered' us someplace warmer?" one of the better-off-lurking U.S. Amazonians complained.

"Or at least let us bring our warm clothes and skis!" grouched a European Amazonian.

"This is just as cold as the room where I'm sitting reading this!" grumbled still another Amazonian.

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> \||/_ - ---Yes, let's f-f-f-fly back to the f-f-f-forest f-f-fantasy!
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Eva tried, but it appeared that the only way out was to hit the delete key without finding out how the meeting with BigFoot the SnowDyke went, which her curiosity would not allow.

The Dildo-Dykes dismantled the air conditioning, refashioning the parts at hand into heat exchangers to warm the room, then built a small sauna in one corner, allowing all the women to become comfortably warmed.

Meanwhile the Top Ten Most Talkative Women on Euro-Sappho (and number one most talkative lesbian avian) regaled the assembly with their witty banter and cappuccino until all were refreshed and ready to continue their adventure.

Trading their entire cornflake supply for warm clothes, cross-country skis, and other provisions, the Sapphic sleuths planned their trek to find BigFoot the SnowDyke. Their planning was cut short, however, when an angry mob of Nepalese dykes turned them out into the snow to fend for themselves after finding no prizes in the cornflake boxes.

Our undaunted Amazonians trekked through blinding snowstorms, up steep and slippery slopes, through detailed descriptions of local weather and each others' cars, until they finally stood at the mouth of Bigfoot's cave.

However, the only sign of Bigfoot herself was a handlettered one saying, "Gone to Amazonia..."

"AMAZONIA!" they shouted at their hundreds of terminals throughout the world, before being shushed by lab assistants, librarians, and coworkers throughout the world.

"Quick Eva! Post something torrid so that we can go back to our beloved Amazonia!" The Amazonians looked to Eva, eagerly waiting for something explicit to happen...

"How do you expect her to concentrate with all of you staring at her like that?" came a new voice...

Puzzled, the Euro-Sapphites scrolled back through the garbage in the header to find out who was posting this time...

Sender: Bigfoot SnowDyke

[Screens all around the world return to scenes of dense Amazonian vegetation]

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{ } ---- The trouble was that Linda was thinking in Fahrenheit
{ { } }   temperatures instead of Celsius, which would have allowed
_ _ { _ _   you all to return to a more Amazonian climate!
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> \||/_ ----- That's supposed to be an ASCII SnowDyke?
> / ^ ^ ^ .      She's smaller than Pollo!
> / @ ^ \        \||/_ ----- And not nearly so cute!
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> /\ /\ ---- At least she gets to keep more than the
> ||| | | tips of her bunny ears when quoted!
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"Did everyone get back ok?" Linda asked worriedly...

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> \||/_ ----- If you call having nothing but your crest feathers
> / ^ ^ ^ .      and an eye ok, I suppose... Marlies, help! I need
> / @ ^ \        to say something original so I get my body back!
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The Amazonians strained to see each other gathered around their cyber hearth, and noted with relief that all were accounted for.

Basking in the gentle warmth of their shared cathode ray campfires, they settled in for a long night of thoughtful discussion with their newest member, filled with multi-lingual wordplay, sexual innuendo, and storytelling. Each of them looked about expectantly to see which one would spin the next thread to be woven into their cyberculture's continuing tale...

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